

Lost Viking

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-06 02:12:37

Updated: 2014-04-06 02:12:37

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:16:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,102

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Keera was taken from her home as a baby, she has no idea where her home is. All she knows is she was bought up by dragons. After a solo observation trip, and a fight with a certain blond Viking and a swarm of Nadders she finds herself a prisoner on Berk. Can she trust the Berkians, will she find her family, or will her sister (who is a dragon) get her out of Berk? Read to find out

Lost Viking

Hi to you all. first off, i have a load of assessments to do at the moment so i may not update this often, plus its my birthday, the a bunch of other things, then after all of that, on my nans bithday, HTTYD 2 comes out YAY! what do you think, should i take my Nan to see it? (no, im not that evil...) But appart from that, i will try and update, but writers block is mean, and so is my mum. Ok, her car broke, so she needs my pc (yeah, i payed for it) to search for a new car. Its unfair, but without it i have to walk for 45 minutes to get home from school, and with the english weather...not good.

OK. Enough with my babbling. Time for my first EVER HTTYD fanfiction. I own nothing, but if i did HTTYD 2 would have been out ages ago, plus i would rule the world! HTTYD has the power. *COUGH* ok, lets pretend you didn't hear that. Now on with the show!

* * *

><p>HTTYD Fan fiction-<p>

KEERAS POV

I lift the blanket off from the sleeping dragon, as gently as I can. Though it is said I have the grace of a Nightfury, I often fail to see where people see that. I fling the cover aside, it was small, patchy, and all of the spare material I own. Even my own clothes

where stolen, or made from a sheep or two I managed to find. Though that was hard in this archipelago, most are farmed, not wild. Stupid Vikings, leaving nothing for us to hunt. No wonder we used to steal from them, if you think about it, it really is their fault.

>"Heya Ashy." I whisper, scooping up the young dragon, rocking him softly in my arms. His eyes flicker open, the soft electric blue watching me intently. I stroke his night black head with my left hand, petting his long ears with a light touch. "No matter what happens my sister and I are going to protect you." I comforted the young hatchling, after all, I had promised my sister I would care for him while she hunted, I offered to hunt, but she had told me I would not bring back enough. Her words were "You may act like a dragon, but I see no wings or claws." She was right, I had no wings, no matter how much I wish I did, I could not fly without her.
Slumping, back now against the wall, I let the hatchling rest in my lap, purring like a cat and resting his head on his coal coloured paws.

>I lay petting the young one, awaiting his mother's return. I slip a bracelet from the pocket of my top, tracing the curves with my finger, I have a headband too, the only two things I had owned before I found myself on Dragon Island. Or that's what I had been told. I kept me wondering if I would ever find my family, my blood related one anyway. I pulled the headband out of a saddle bag, it was made from leather, and had a thin strip of metal going through it, making sure it kept its shape. I hold it to my chest, the only clue to home, and my first home. I rest my head against the solid rock of the cave, my eyes flickering shut.<p>

My sister arrived home late, well later than expected, her kill wrapped in her arms. Her young hatchling lay on the floor next to me, loosely cocooned in the make do blanket. "Hi sis, what took you so long?" I chuckled patting her scaly head. She huffed at me, tired, and pushed me out of the way. I collided with the wall, making my shoulder numb for a few seconds.

>"It's the stupid dragons they have waltzing about down there. I even came a Nadders spike away from beingâ€|well. Spiked by a Nadder!" She looked at me with her violet eyes, the jewel on her Nightfury like head glistening in the moonlight.
"Well, sounds like you had a marvellous time!" I giggle, walking over and punching my sister in the side of her head. She growls playfully, whipping my arm with her almost rabbit like ear.

>"Yep, they even have a Nightfury down there, flying about like an infant Terror. You know what's worse, he was letting a worthless human fly on his back!" I looked at her strangely, I am human, and she lets me fly with her, what the difference. "it's completely out of character for this island, remember the last time we came here, they were trying to shoot us down, you even got hit by that ropey thing!" I remember that. For some reason they yelled Nightfury as Cinder, my sister, had swooped a little closer to the village than they were comfortable with. A net aimed at a Gronkle had managed to catch my arm, setting me the smallest amount off balance. My sister was defiantly making it seem worse than it was.
Gripping its horns, I drag the yak, she had probably stolen, into the cave. I was used to eating raw meat, and after the first time, it wasn't too bad, however, I had learnt if you eat it cooked, it gets rid of the sliminess, and it becomes a little easier to chew. Soon we were sitting and ripping off pieces of cooked, or in Cinders case uncooked meat. The young hatchling, Ash, was still huddled in the corner, not caring for the spread of raw yak waiting for him. "Do you think that dragon will ever stop sleeping?" I say, in-between mouthfuls of meat. Cinder just huffs, turning back to her meal. Apart from asking the

question, I was wondering about the people in the village. Why they were suddenly friends with dragons. Personally, I had always been on there side, as a child I was found out in the cold, and they saved me. It was the middle of the raid, and my dragon mother scooped me up out of the snow. She didn't know if anyone was ever going to come back, and she couldn't just leave me to die. Or that's how her stories went. The stories she told me and my sisters when we were younger. Now one of my sisters is dead, killed by a dragon's illness that went around about nine years ago, and one sat next to me now. But my real family, blood relation has to be out there somewhere. I frowned, slowly dropping my food to the ground.

>"You're thinking about your real home aren't you?" I heard Cinder say quietly.
I grumbled, stuffing my precious headband and bracelet into my pocket, unable to let another thought run through my head, caught like a guilty dragon sneaking fish from under their mothers' nose. Its like she always knew what I was thinking about, maybe she did have a mind reading power after all.

>"What me? No way." I stutter sarcastically, grasping the edges of my fur jacket and wrapping it tighter around my shoulders. "You know that my real home is with you, and the dragons. I don't belong there." I shrug of her questioning, pointing comically down at the sleeping village. Windows dark, purplish looking shadows snaking through alleyways and dragons snoozing, surprisingly peaceful. On roofs and small sheltered structures. I smile silently, glad to see that the dragons have finally discovered a more acceptant home. I look back to my sister, what should have been a yak, sitting in front of her, nothing but cracked bones, free of meat and marrow. I look down to my pocket, secretly wishing for some more thinking time. Shoving my hand into the fabric I curl my slender fingers around the leather of the bracelet, feeling the bumps in the material where it has been sewn or encrusted with jewels. Although I can feel my sister's eyes boring in past my flesh, I continue to neglect my food. Leaving the yak to sit on the cold stone floor, in front of me. Ash still resting to my side, unwilling to take a single bite of anything I offer. He jerked his head away, sneezing furiously; a nimbus of white and blue embers flying from his tiny Nightfury like nose. His eyes light up in a starlight blaze, he looks up at me, a silent expression of exhaustion on his face, before he nuzzles face back onto his paws. I run my hand down the back of his head as his wing leans, with a small amount of weight, on my leg.<p>

"There's no point in lying, Keera. I can read you like a book." I nod at her, hands dropping by my sides. My heart feeling like it's been encased in ice, like a frozen nightmare. A dragon that spends its life waiting until its icicle armour forms around it. Just how I feel, waiting, not for my armour to grow, but for it to break. To find the real me.

>I cough, causing Ash to jump a little at the sudden movement. "I-"I pause waiting for the words to reach my brain. "I've always been different, you know that cinder. I can breathe fire, I can't even fly. I just want somewhere I can fit it." I grip my head tightly, I think I'm going mad, my temples are pulsing, and I feel a sick feeling rising from the pit of my stomach.
"If it's any consolation, you won't fit in with the humans either. You understand us better, you belong with your kind. Dragons kind." She sighs, snorting roughly.

>"But I'm not a dragon! I don't know what I am anymore. I just want to fit in." I cry, or roar, might be a better word. "Look, I'm going to take a walk, look after Ash." It's like I'm no body. I was a dragon, I was a human, but now, I'm nothing.<p>

The wind is cold but comforting against my skin. The silent hum of night mingling with the snorts of peacefully sleeping dragons. Wild bores trudging through the thicket to the left, and a silent humming of a wasps nest to my left, a little behind me now. Everything so clear. I reach down and untie the ropes holding my bag closed. I draw out a pair of thick leather gloves, small slits over each knuckle, with metal clips to hold something in place. I look a little further into the bag, before pulling out a set of ten sharpened dragon claws, each with their own set of two metal hooks, matching the ones on the gloves. I slip the gloves onto my hands, tightening the straps around my wrist, feeling the firm grasp they have, I cracks my knuckles before gabbing the claws from the floor and slipping each one in, with a satisfying click, the clips connect. I close my hand, ready to punch something, with the razor sharp claws curling over my knuckles, ready to inflict some serious cuts. I scream to myself, rushing forwards and smashing the barks off from the nearest tree. "Stupid life!" I yell, smashing the tree behind me with my left hook, leaving bark wedged the blades of my weapon. I smash my right fist into the wood before turning and rolling side ways to get a good aim at yet another tree, thin enough that it almost falls after a few repetitive punches. "Urgh!" I growl, breathing heavily after smashing about a dozen trunks. I look down at my hands, the leather protecting them from the blade, but not from the force of impact, they pulse feeling like they should be glowing as hot as the sun. The blades already becoming a little blunt, but not much, dragon bone is extremely strong. I cast my eyes down to the floor, hands bunched into fists, lethal gloves still on.

>Why does life have to be so unfair? I have no family. A small part of me argues against that. The dragons are a great familyâ€right? They always accepted me. Or was that just because they had to. They always called me wingless. I always thought it was just because of my slight inability to fly, or was it their way of mocking me. The poor little human girl, lost alone and unwanted. Another tree gets a pounding, though better wood than people, or dragons. I hear nothing unusual but the soft crunch of snow beneath my feet. Sure I had been on Berk a few times before. But never this close to the stuff they called snow. I had never really landed on the main area of the island, we had always observed it from afar. The mountain range, to be exact. I continue to walk in the direction I'm heading. From what I can smell, its berk. The stench of fish and wood fires. I snort, attempting to rid my nose from the scent of burning. It's choking me.
I'm nearing the edge of the village, I'm meant to be observing it, right? So why no from this close? I slip silently from the bushes, creeping into the mess of houses and stone paving.

>Dim flickering candles create mysterious shadows across the ground, a silent purr of a Nadder creeping through the pitch black, blue scales shimmering in the cold gaze of the moon. "I would hate to live in a place like this." I grumble, looking around at the houses, shallow crackles of dying fires mingling with the silence. I slip the gloves of my hand as I walk, wrapping the blades in the leather and tucking them back into my bag, which hangs loosely from my left shoulder. Coughing from the smell of a lived in village, I continue to wander, ending up in the centre of a circle, or seemingly important houses. Each with the head of a dragon crafted from wood, jutting out form the door frame, somewhat un-majestically. The sight is confusing, why would Vikings have fake dragon heads, from my past experience, didn't they usually pride themselves in having real specimens to display their strength, not the novelty carved ones.
I catch a glimpse of a sleeping Nadder to my left, with sky

blue scales and a beautiful sunflower yellow complementing the cool cerulean. The strange structure over its head most defiantly if man made, a small stable like shelter for the spiky dragon, who would build that. I hear the dragon purring slightly, the way all self-respecting Nadders do. I slink towards it, why on Earth would a Viking have a dragon this close to their home. I have often heard people saying that Nadders were the least treasures, or feared of the dragons, but still. No confident headstrong Viking would let a dragon breathe a single breath within a mile of them. So why is it all of a suddenly different here? I cautiously reach my hand out to the sleeping lizard, feeling its clam breath on my hand as I rest it on the dragon's nose. "Hey." I whisper, trying not to startle the dragon, especially since it was a Nadder, at least with a sleeping Gronkle all you have to be afraid of is gas.

>Unlike you would expect, the Nadder's eyes flick open with the sudden pace of a Speed-stinger, however it sits calmly, not threatening me. Tail spikes remaining flat, and eyes gentle. "So, first of all. Sorry for waking you up." I smile as the Nadder just shakes its head playfully. "So, what's your name, I'm Keera." The dragon looks at me, bored, to say the least. It opens its mouth, as if to say something. And to anyone else, whatever it said would be lost in translation. But all I could do was feel unappreciated as the Nadder spoke.
"Silly human, like you'd understand me." The dragon's female voice mocks me as I kneel down beside her. Knees meeting with the familiar, yet unpleasant texture of mud. I hope.

>"Of course I can understand you. And to be utterly honest, I don't appreciate being called silly thank you very much." I almost laugh, seeing the dragon in utter surprise at my ability to understand its whispered growls and mumbles. "Now, can you please answer my question?" My bag manages to get itself in the way, so while the dragon considers her answer I push it back up onto my shoulder.
"My rider calls me Stormfly." The female shakes the spikes on her tail, a little threateningly. Before giving up, waiting for my reaction and curling her tail back into a comfortable position on the floor.

>Wait, back track, did that Nadder say rider? I swear, I have never had a dragon accept any human but me, or at least tolerate. And this Nadder has allowed a human, the species dragons have had a feud with for years, to ride her? I stand back, or lean, considering I'm kneeling on the floor.
"Wait, so your friends with the people here?" I hardly believe that I'm asking the question. It seems impossible for anyplace in this archipelago, to be like this. Even having one dragon friend.

>"Yeah, I guess friends is a good word. Can I go back to sleep now, busy day ahead." Stormfly sighs before resting her head, with a soft thud, back onto the ground.
I make my way back through the village, though it's unfamiliar, all I have to do is walk in the direction of the cliffs, and since cliffs are kind big, it's not too hard. I try to make a list in my head as I walk. My sister mentioned about dragons acting strangely. Nightfury, was but one of the names that jumped into my head from that conversation. She had also said that she spotted a human on its back too. Maybe, thinking about it, Berk may not be such a bad place. Given the small amount of evidence, this unsubstantial island, might actually be, dare I say it, friends with dragons.

>I cast my gaze back to my pocket, returning to the train of thought I adopted earlier. This wouldn't be such a bad place to call home, would it? It means I could still live with my dragon half of myself, and be human at the same time.
I cross a small path, past a random, slightly shrunk looking house, with a twin headed Zippleback

carving sticking out from the join of the roof. A almost Earth shattering sound of metal smashing together thunders from the building, making my sensitive ears scream wildly. I edge closer, despite the complaint of my hearing. "No, you're a mutton head!" I pick up a slightly odd sounding female voice yelling, followed by another metallic clang.

>"Well, you. Are. A chicken head!" Another unfamiliar voice yells, male this time, I think. Sounding a little dumber than the previous one. I breathe deeply, Viking confuse me sometimes. They sound like terror hatchlings fighting over fish. I stand for a minute, listening to the back and forth motion of insults and atrocious come backs. And the melody of smashing, the splintering of wood. And generally things being broken. An overly loud crash causes what I believe to be the door, to creak open mysteriously. I stare at it for a second, deciding what to do. Then another destructive sound emits from the structure, sealing my decision. I turn on my heel. Stone groaning against the soles of my fur lined boots, obviously stolen. I start walking. No need to move fast, that will just create more noise, plus the only two I can see awake on this sleepy little town are obviously too wrapped up in killing each other to notice me. I hoist me bag onto my shoulder again. Figuring I have done enough 'observing' for today. After all, I'm not even meant to be this close to berk. Under dragon law it's classified as a 'Danger Zone'. But I'm starting to wonder, how many of those laws need to be updated.
"Got'ya!" Suddenly I hear two people lunging from behind me, I twist to the side. Almost in slow motion. Ducking down at the same time to that one leg is bent neatly under me, and the other is stretched out hovering over the ground. I swivel so that I end up facing the direction the two attackers launched their failed ambush from. The two lanky looking teens, with dirty blond hair and strange little Viking hats, now lay face first in the dirt. Pleased with myself, I leave the two, how I guess where making the noise earlier, to have a nice peaceful nap in the mud. Who cares if they saw me? By the looks of these two, I would say they are not exactly the most trustworthy pair. I laugh at the thought of them training to fight dragons. They'd kill each other before the first dragon got anywhere near them. Though that does remind me of a dragon I met once, fell off a cliff while he was learning to fight. Luckily, dragons can fly. Otherwise, he would have had to learn to swim&|fast.

I continue in my previous direct, the cliffs, slowly. I mean really slowly, advancing. I can feel the starts of snow, or rain sliding down my face occasionally. I slide my feet through the three centimetre thick layer that currently coats the floor. The climate around here doesn't seem too bad to be honest, at least you know what the weathers going to be like. Hot sunny, and guaranteed to give you a tan, those words don't spring to mind. I take a step towards the thicket, almost away from the civilisation, if that what they want to call it. I happily think of the nice cave waiting for me, even if I had a minor disagreement with my sister. I sigh, wiping my eyes before letting my hands fall limp at my sides.

>My arm twists behind my back painfully, causing me to wince, though the smallest amount. This catches me by surprise, I was just about to start galloping off into the woods, and then this happens. I mentally kick myself. The people from before! They made so much noise they could have woken anything, living. Or dead.
I turn, just at the right angle to kick my captor's feet from under them as I face their direction. I catch a glimpse of cold blue eyes as the blond haired girl regains her footing. Now both standing, I'm kind of regretting coming here, at the same time as being ecstatic about meeting another

human my age. At least I think. My eyes shoot to the battle axe strangled within her grip. "So, I'm the only one armed here. I think we can see who's going to win." She smiles, golden hair hiding one of her ice blue eyes. I chuckle at her words. When would I ever come unarmed? I stop for a second, wondering whether to panic. No point, she's just a Viking. Nothing special. I just hope this won't end with the blade of that nice sharp axe anywhere near my throat.

* * *

><p>Well, that went well *insert sarcasum here* I recomend you watch some spoofs for HTTYD on youtube, they are funny and all that has been keepin me sane.

Astrid walks in-You, sane? are you kidding?

Me-thankyou, you just be happy im not killing you off Astrid, cause it could happen, so don't get on my bad side!

Astrid-You wouldn't dare, im the reason everyone loves HTTYD. And i'm-

Me-*Cough* don't need to tell them that do we? no? ok im glad you agree. (stupid Astrid)

Astrid-aww, why not. I could ruin your story...that would be sooo terrible.

Me-You know what Astrid, get out. I dont want you here anymore. OUT!

Astrid-ok, but let me remind you, im the one who carries the axe!

Anyway, tell me what you think. Be warned, my writing has been know to start wars...Terrifying wars...

End
file.